

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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School Books
 By C. C. DAUER, M. D.
 Marion County Dept. of Health
 A question was asked recently concerning the possibility of the transmission of disease through a medium of school books. This question is of some importance to one who considers the fact that this fall the school authorities in Oregon will furnish the pupils with a certain number of text-books. Among those provided will be a number of science books which have been donated by pupils. These donated volumes have been used before and so the question arises, "Can they be the means of transferring disease?"

Germs Cannot Live—The possibility of catching a disease from a book is very remote, so much so that we can say that there is no danger. Disease germs do not grow and multiply on books; they need moist, and furthermore, they would furnish no food on which the germs could exist. Only a few disease germs resist drying and these particular germs need to be introduced deep into the tissues in order to grow in the human body. This applies particularly to the organism which causes lockjaw or tetanus, which is a spore-forming germ and resists ordinary drying almost indefinitely.

One frequently hears or reads of cases of scarlet fever that have apparently developed by using a book which had handled during his illness. These accounts often relate how books or toys have been laid away for years after being resorted to, and the cause another child to have the disease. These instances are very hard to substantiate; as a matter of fact the scarlet fever germ dies just as quickly on a book as any other germ if the book has been kept in a dry place for a long time.

Libraries no longer destroy books when they have been in a home where a contagious disease has developed, because competent authorities have stated that there is no danger of transferring the infection if a reasonable length of time has been allowed to elapse after the patient has handled the book and the book is washed. So parents may rest assured that there will be no danger in allowing their child to use a book formerly used by a child in another family.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any questions, send it either to The Statesman or the Marion County Dept. of Health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

IF MAN HAD THE STRENGTH OF AN ANT, COMPARATIVELY, HE COULD JUGGLE GREAT WEIGHTS WITH EASE, THE ANT CAN CARRY OBJECTS MANY TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT

Tomorrow: Catching Fish by Electricity!

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Kincaid's reminiscences:
 (Continuing from yesterday.)
 "The gossip said President Johnson had a son in an inebriate asylum. I do not know whether there was any foundation for that. The president's wife had died, and the wife of Senator Patterson of Tennessee, who was the president's daughter or sister and another daughter or sister kept house for him and helped him with his receptions."

"Lincoln said he had not much influence with his administration. In fact, no king, president, governor or other important officer has much influence with his administration. They are hedged in with so many circumstances over which they have no control, and which must be controlled by other human power, or by the Supreme Power of the Universe, that they are seldom free to do as they wish. President Johnson could have said truthfully that he had no influence with his administration."

"Nesmith of Oregon said when he got into the senate he wondered how he got there. After he had been there a little while he wondered how the other fellows got there."

"Andrew Johnson was not the only man—the world is full of them—who have held important positions and do not have wondered what evil influence ever put them into positions which brought so much trouble upon them. But if they would reflect they might come to the conclusion that there are no two people just alike, and no two positions or conditions in life just alike, and somebody must fill every condition and be in every position, whether he is called Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Kaiser, Lincoln, Grant or Andrew Johnson. Why is it so? I do not know. After Johnson went out of the office of president he was elected a senator from Tennessee. I sat on a sofa a few feet from him and heard him speak in the senate about one hour in defense of his administration as president. The senators did not give him much attention. He did not seem to have any more influence in the senate than he had with his administration when he was president."

"There was more or less rivalry and jealousy between the senators of nearly every state when there were two belonging to the same party. When there was one republican and one democrat they got along all right, because one could not interfere with the appointments or party affairs of the other. The one belonging to the party in power was sole monarch of all he surveyed, and, like the ruler in olden times, could take a constituent up on his high mountain and show him that he owned the whole world with a fence around it. But if there was another senator of the same party to butt in, there was usually a row in the family or a feeling that one was superior to the other. Norton was the great man from Indiana, and any colleague of the same party who would have had the temerity to interfere with the great 'war governor' would have been reprimanded. Conkling of New York was the unquestioned republican boss of New York. Edmunds of Vermont did not have to worry about old Morrill of Vermont, who usually kept quiet, about him, but evidently Almes has learned on her third marriage to pick a young man."

A. P. Homer, real estate agent; Almes and her crowd have a hard time, don't they? There was "What-a-Man" and Ma Kennedy. Now Hutton and Almes. Ha. Ha."

Madeline Callin, school principal: "Just another piece of publicity for Almes."

Miss Michael, visitor: "Humph. Poor man; poor woman!"

Daily Thought
 "The record of a generous life runs like a rose around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower." Ingersoll.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

READ THIS FIRST
 At Monkilver, a country place outside London, Paul Ferris is slain after carrying the Czars' rubies from Russia. The murderers fall to find the gems, which therefore must be hidden in the house. Frank Severn, who entrusted the rubies to Ferris in Russia, returns to England in a abducted and carried unconscious to Monkilver.

Meanwhile his friend, Jim Wynter, meets beautiful Katharine Faring, rightful owner of the rubies as heiress to the Russian princess who lost his life saving them from a mob. Once a concert violinist, she has been reduced to penury by an injury to her wrist. Katharine suggests to Wynter that Severn may be imprisoned at Monkilver and he goes there at night, to find Severn's servant, Creyke, dead in a chair wound in a car inside the house. Hearing a groan within the house, he steals in, is attacked and falls downstairs. Hours later he regains consciousness in the house of a Dr. Martell, who is his daughter. Helen, attends him. Martell impresses him favorably at first, but later a faint suspicion of him stirs in Wynter's mind.

NOW GO ON
CHAPTER XIX
 "Bad luck that," said Martell sympathetically. "One can only hope that some clue will be forthcoming yet."

"Oh, a clue's going to be found—both to Creyke's murderers and to the whereabouts of that man in their power, left or a w'e're through." Jim Wynter's voice was grimly determined.

For a moment he paused.

"But what puzzles me is why these men should have troubled bringing me all the way from Richmond, where the police would have been looking for me, instead of letting me struggle back to my senses in that empty house. What had they to gain by it? Queer that," he said thoughtfully. "Well I mustn't lose any time now in getting into the house. You were kind enough to say I might use your telephone, Dr. Martell?"

"Of course. You would like to telephone now?"

With a dressing gown over his pajamas, Wynter went downstairs with his host. He had half expected a recurrence of the swimming, dizzy weakness with the mere exertion of rising; but the doctor's pick-me-up savored of wizardry. It was amazing how fit and well he felt for a man who had crashed down a flight of stairs, and had subsequently been drugged, all within the last 12 hours.

It was not a large house, but evidently from the way it was furnished that of a man of wealth as well as taste. Dr. Martell took his guest to the library and left him there at the telephone.

Reassurance
 Wynter rang up the Graysons' house. It was Bill Grayson himself who answered the telephone call.

"Hello, old man. Yes, it's me all right," Wynter said cheerfully to an evidently much relieved Bill. "Couldn't get in touch with you before. Sorry if you've been worried, and give all sorts of apologies from me to Milly. Rather hectic things have been happening. Bill, I've just wakened up in the house of a complete stranger, after being knocked out as a drugged—oh, yes, I'm all right now, honest, injun' old chap! I want you to come along at once and bring me some clothes. I'm sort of marooned here in the house of a good Samaritan called Martell."



The Old Scout
 THAT was in 1905 when "The Old Scout" clogged its way through Salem en route to Portland to win the transcontinental automobile race. Now the same old Oldsmobile and the same drivers are repeating the trip over virtually the same route. But not over the same roads. No, indeed. Twenty-six years have seen marvelous changes in the highway system of Oregon, and of the states to the east.

"The Old Scout" is due in Albany today noon and then will come on to Salem this afternoon and thence to its destination at Portland. Huss and Wigle, who are repeating the journey of 1905, insisted on coming over the Santiam pass instead of the McKenzie, because they made their original trip over the Santiam. They will probably find a part of this road about the only one in virtually the same condition as 26 years ago. While road gangs are steadily gnawing at both ends, the road over Seven Mile mountain and on to the summit is still the primitive highway built many years ago as a toll road.

This Seven Mile mountain gave Huss and Wigle their wildest thrill but modern cars do not hesitate much in making it. However it is to be eliminated in the new Santiam highway.

"The Old Scout" will take every adult back to the time when he saw his first automobile and when he had his first automobile ride. Quite a thrill, wasn't it? Now when aloft in an airplane and you look down on the black bugs crawling along the highways you think how ancient the automobile has become.

Community Blood-Letting
 THERE is nothing like a good neighborhood row to get people's minds off the notes they owe the banks. Here we had a full-sized one for a week in the country from Junction City where the pupils "struck" because the schoolboard fired the teacher and hired a new one. Just a neighborhood row, but it rated columns in the Portland and upstate press. Members of the schoolboard made naughty charges against the teacher they deposed and her supporters claimed she was fired because she put the directors' cows out of her pasture. A perfect setting, as one may easily see, for a large-sized feud. Now the old teacher is back on the job when the parents installed her in the school room; but many a tongue will be sharpened on the whetstone of gossip before the last is heard of the fuss.

Then Rainier is having another of its periodical blood-letting excursions. This time it is a recall election against the schoolboard. The brief news item says charges are being hurled back and forth "in reckless abandon". It must be quite an enjoyable hatefest with neighbors cussing each other out and relating all their past sins.

Fear, prejudice, passion,—we are all the victims of our emotions. Little things may get the village or the city astir. Gossip travels like swift lightning, and before one knows it the community is split wide open, often over very trivial matters. Mass ignorance and emotionalism make our self-government a treacherous "right".

Yesterdays
 Of Old Salem
 Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 16, 1906
 The third annual convention of the Oregon State Association of Letter Carriers was held in Salem yesterday. G. E. Hatch, Salem, was unanimously elected treasurer, and F. A. Baker to the executive board.

Fifteen million feet of logs for the Spaulding Lumber company from the Santiam and McKenzie rivers arrived here last night, about half of which are to be manufactured into lumber by their Salem mill.

Commercial and State streets have presented an animated and lively appearance both day and night during the past state fair week. On the one side the Salvation Army held forth bravely with their singing and preaching, urging the sinners to repentance. Around the corner the barkers and splatters strenuously endeavored to draw and hold the crowd.

September 16, 1921
 Work is progressing to such an extent on the Salem hospital, that plans are already being made for the laying of the cornerstones and an appropriate observance of the event in which civic and fraternal bodies of the city, and also the churches, will be asked to participate. H. S. Gile, president of the Salem Hospital Association, has appointed a committee on the program of which August Hucklestein is chairman, and to serve with him, G. F. Deckebach and Mrs. Grover C. Bellinger.

The problem of whipping into shape within only 15 days a grid-iron team that will be able to defeat the famed cohorts of Coach "Shy" Huntington's Oregon warriors, is the difficult task which Roy Bohler found upon his arrival yesterday to take command of the Willamette Bearcats.

WEST SALEM, Sept. 15—The building committee of the West Salem Methodist church is formulating plans for erecting a new \$12,000 church building, which will serve as a community church.

Dr. Martell, with only an evening kit. Got some pretty startling news for you when I see you. You will come at once? Good man."

He gave Bill Grayson Dr. Martell's address and rang off; then telephoned to Felix Sant at Lincoln's Inn Fields. From a clerk he learned that the solicitor was in and presently the familiar, breezy voice floated over the wire to him.

"Hello, Wynter! Thought something must have happened to you. Bill Grayson's ringing me up this morning asking if I could give him any news of you—"

"Yes, I've been a worry to Bill. But I haven't time to go into that now. I've rung you up because I must see you urgently. Can you run over to Staines straight away?"

"Well, I am rather busy, but I say, Wynter, is something wrong?" Sant asked abruptly.

"I've got some queer news, very startling news. Yes, about Frank Severn. I saw him last night—"

"If any, you don't mean that. Then you've found him?"

"No. That's the worst of it. But last night I traced Severn to Monkilver."

"Monkilver? Good Lord, Wynter, began an evidently startled Sant.

"I'm going to Monkilver with the police, and I want you to come along too."

"Why, of course. You're phoning from the Graysons'?"

"No, Dr. Martell's house in Staines. And Wynter gave the address."

"Right. I'll come at once."

After speaking over the telephone to the local police, whom Dr. Martell had interviewed that evening concerning his drugged patient, Wynter left the library, to find coffee and sandwiches awaiting him in an adjoining room.

If his dressing-gown, rather flamboyantly Chinese in pattern, looked a little incongruous in a lady's drawing-room, Wynter accepted the situation without embarrassment, with the airiest of humorous apologies that brought a smile to his hostess' face.

"My friend, Bill Grayson, ought to be well on his way by this time with a car full of clothes," he said. "And by the way, I have taken the liberty, too, of asking Mr. Felix Sant to meet me here—the missing man's solicitor, you know."

"I shouldn't be surprised if I know him," Dr. Martell remarked. "I remember meeting a Mr. Sant out at dinner somewhere, a big, breezy, amusing man."

"Oh, must be the same chap. I wanted him with me when I go to Monkilver this afternoon with the police."

The subject of Monkilver was not referred to again as the three sat talking in the long, low, charming drawing-room.

Wynter was not surprised after Dr. Martell's warning hint—though certainly Helen Blair, with her quiet voice and grave sympathetic eyes, would not have struck him as likely to suffer from any dangerously morbid tendency, as her stepfather seemed to fear.

Genial
 It was Dr. Martell who did most of the talking; there was an undeniable attraction about his genial personality, and he talked easily and amusingly. But Wynter's thoughts were a little abstracted as he sipped his coffee, excellent coffee, and wondered how soon Bill and Sant would turn up. He was feeling an intense impatience to get into touch with the police.

With last night's tragic happenings at Monkilver the mystery surrounding Frank Severn had grown more baffling still—and what part had Creyke played in that mystery?

Why should Creyke, if not in league with Severn's enemies, have been driving the missing man—unconscious and probably drugged, as Wynter was convinced from that passing glimpse of him—to that deserted house instead of straight to his friends? And yet, on the other hand, the man had driven to Monkilver to meet his own death there. The more his mind revolved the more impenetrable the mystery seemed.

And where was Severn? Though he had been at Monkilver that night, quite certainly he would not be there now.

"This will be one of your friends, I expect," his host said suddenly, crossing to the window, as a car drew up in the road outside the house.

There were two people in the car; Milly had insisted on accompanying Bill. Jim Wynter's news over the telephone had made her anxious and she had been impatient to see for herself that he was really as little the worse for his exciting experience as he had professed over the telephone.

Milly would have waited outside in the car, leaving Bill to stagger up to the house with a bulky suitcase, but that Dr. Martell, as Wynter introduced, his friend, insisted that Mrs. Bill should come in too.

(To be continued)

Good Luck, Drum Corps
 TONIGHT the Salem Drum Corps leaves for Detroit. They go to represent the Department of Oregon at the American legion national drum corps contest. They go also as representatives of Capitol Post No. 9 and of the city of Salem. It goes without saying that they have back of them the cordial and united support of Salem and of the state. Thousands will listen with eagerness to hear the result of the contest Wednesday night, Sept. 23rd and Oregonians are confident that the Salem corps will finish in the top ranks.

These men ought to win. Anyone living in the vicinity of North Fourteenth street will testify how continuously they have rehearsed. Night after night, until late at night, the men have marched and counter-marched on Olinger field and played their music and received the criticism of the director in the effort to make the performance absolutely perfect. So the neighbors "out our way" are convinced that the Salem drum corps will be perfectly fit for the big event next week.

So goodbye and good-luck to the Salem drum corps as it swings aboard the train for Detroit.

A dog and a cat on a boat gave the title to \$180,000 in gold as well as other valuable property. That's Mexican law. Still the captain, who had left the animals aboard the wrecked liner Columbia, rushed back when he heard another vessel was hastening toward the liner. A ship abandoned becomes salvage—the property of anyone who seizes it. That gold would quickly lure a lot of cat and dog killers.

The Portland Journal will have to find something else to quaver about. The supreme court has denied the petition for rehearing so James Kingsley, murderer, must hang. Perhaps if it had been Vance or Moonings the Journal would have insisted on every technicality to defer the execution, instead of berating courts for delays as in the case of Kingsley.

Eugene is facing a milk-spilling episode. That's the trouble with resort to violence, even when it may seem warranted by the circumstances; it leads others to become lawless, which in the end proves humiliating. We hope the Eugene milkmen can carry on their fight without clashing with constitutional rights.

Roseburg dentists, says the News-Review, report an increase of business because the people there are "loosened up" now that they know the soldiers' home is coming. Well, if the prosperity is as long deferred as that from postoffice construction the Roseburgers might place their orders for false teeth.

At a boy Hutton. Dave Hutton says he will smack on the nose anybody who makes a bad crack about Mrs. Hutton, nee Almes McPherson. There's 250 lbs. back of his threat too, so that ought to dry up the wisecrackers.

So a glacier has "rings" like a tree. Elliot glacier on Mt. Hood revealed 210 "snow rings" this summer. That puts the age of the earliest ring to 11 years before Washington was born. Quite a lot of snow has gone down the ridges in two centuries.

Gov. Ritchie must not figure on carrying Oregon. He has come out strong against government ownership of utilities. Doesn't he know that Oregon voted for free power "without cost to the taxpayers"?

The president of the Washington federation of labor told the Oregon convention here that wage cuts are no cure for a depression. Perhaps not a cure, but certainly a consequence.

New Views
 "How do you like Almes's new husband?" This was the question inquiring Statesman reporters propounded yesterday.

Miss Maud Covington, city librarian: "I think he is laughable."

Lillie Madson, staff correspondent: "I'm glad he isn't mine."

Heleen Louise Crosby, attorney: "Disgusting, isn't it?"

Earl C. Elliott, president Oregon-Washington Water Service company: "I don't know much about him, but evidently Almes has learned on her third marriage to pick a young man."

A. P. Homer, real estate agent; Almes and her crowd have a hard time, don't they? There was "What-a-Man" and Ma Kennedy. Now Hutton and Almes. Ha. Ha."

Madeline Callin, school principal: "Just another piece of publicity for Almes."

Miss Michael, visitor: "Humph. Poor man; poor woman!"

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman Salem, Oregon:
 Dear Sir:
 Regretting that your otherwise excellent paper is rather wabbly on its prohibition legs, I submit the following:

1st: If our officers find it difficult to prohibit under prohibition, how could they hope to regulate under regulation? How much more difficult to detect the violators? Wouldn't they look funny trying to determine the percent of alcoholic content previously imbued by a suspect?

2nd: Many people, due to wet propaganda, think the drinking among young people is caused by prohibition. What about the greatly increased prevalence of smoking? That has not been prohibited. Quite the reverse.

3rd: While it is true that the racketeer or gangster is usually a trafficker in liquor, still the removal of restrictions would not prevent the operations of rival gangs, would it? If bootlegging becomes unprofitable, there are plenty of other opportunities to make violence and intimidation profitable.

As a means of helping the needy this winter, I wish your paper would sponsor a canning campaign. Through your columns, urge every housewife to fill every available jar with the fruits and vegetables now going to waste. Perhaps the merchants would help by furnishing jars.

They could easily be stored at home until needed. Perhaps a canning kitchen could be arranged where the farmers could bring the things they could not sell. Or is the Associated Charities equipped to take care of such work?

At any rate, such an activity needs wide publicity. I feel sure many women would do extra cooking if the matter was called to their attention and the campaign organized. Through sufficient urging, a lot of expense could be saved and waste products utilized.

ONE INTERESTED.

ington nearly every day, reporting the progress of the contest, and received frequent replies." (Continued tomorrow.)

West Point is Quarantined as One Cadet Ill
 WEST POINT, N. Y., Sept. 15. (AP)—A one-way quarantine was in force today at the United States military academy as a result of the illness of Waldemar J. Thinnus of St. Paul, Minn., who is suffering from infantile paralysis.

The quarantine, which does not prevent cadets from leaving the academy grounds and returning at will but which stops all tourists and visitors entering, was established a week ago.

Gideon Stolz to Be Director of State Chamber
 PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 15. (AP)—Ralph S. Hamilton, Portland, was re-elected president of the Oregon state chamber of commerce at a meeting of the new board of directors here Monday.

Other officers elected were: Vice-President, Eugene Courtney, Woodburn; treasurer, John A. Thornburg, Forest Grove. Five directors at large were chosen: Sir E. Notson, Heppner; John Daly and Mr. Hamilton, Portland; Gideon Stolz, Salem; and Carl Haberlach, Tillamook.

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